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Saturday, Mar. 5, 1904.

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two minutes longer, being careful not to burn; stir in the milk and cook ten minutes. Rub through a strainer and return to the fire; then add the cheese. Beat the eggs with a speck of pepper and a tablespoonful of salt, season the soup with salt and pepper. Hold the colander over the soup and pour over the butter; set back for three minutes where it will not boil; then serve.

EDWARD T. TIERNEY

Retires From Public Service
With a Splendid
Record.

The retirement of Edward T. Tierney from city politics will be regretted by many. Mr. Tierney is a blunt man, but he was admired for his personal integrity and fidelity to duty. In what he conceived to be right he could not be made to change his course. Mr. Tierney has been in the City Hall for twenty-four years, though he is only forty-seven years of age. He was first a clerk in the City Tax Receiver's office and afterward was Deputy Auditor. For sixteen years he was City Auditor, having been elected to that office four times by the people. He was first appointed on the Board of Public Safety by Mayor Weaver and the second term by Mayor Grainger. Differences arose between the Mayor and Mr. Tierney, and the result was the enactment of a law allowing the Mayor to appoint and remove his executive boards at will. The Mayor will not respect Mr. Tierney. It was the understanding all along, however, that a Catholic would be appointed in Mr. Tierney's place and the Mayor will carry out his promise. Mr. Tierney, it is understood, will engage in business in Louisville for himself. He is a conservative man and ought to succeed well in almost any undertaking.

Mr. Tierney has been ill at his home for some days, but expected to be able to leave Friday night to spend a couple of weeks at Hot Springs.

NEW ACADEMY SITE.

The Nelson County Record says the Sisters of St. Catherine's have bought the Isaac Curry farm, just west of Springfield, on which they will rebuild their academy. The purchase of this ground seems to have relieved doubts as to whether the academy would be removed from Springfield, and the people of the town were very much gratified that it is to remain with them. The railroad runs through the farm and will be of great convenience to the new academy.

STEADY GROWTH.

The Caron City Directory for 1904 is just out. It shows the population of Louisville to be 228,500, an increase of 6,642 over last year. This is the thirty-fourth consecutive edition issued by the Caron Company, and is of the same high standard that has marked the previous issues. Besides the 114,275 names there is much other valuable information in the book.

WELCOME VISITORS.

"Noisy" Bill Koster and "Hello" Bill Hughes, two of the best known letter carriers in the employ of Uncle Sam, were welcome visitors to our office this week. They have delivered the Kentucky Irish American weekly since the first issue, and say that at the rate its circulation is increasing they will soon have to make extra trips. Come again, boys.

FOR CITY DAD.

Many friends of Thomas Monahan, a popular foreman at the car works and a well known citizen of Jeffersonville, are urging him to become a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Councilman from the Second ward of that city. Should he enter the lists there will be a warm contest, with many chances in his favor.

FRACTURE MENDING.

Miss Mamie Shea, who fell last Friday evening at Eighth and Market streets and broke her arm, is still confined to her home, 824 West Market street. The injured member is mending nicely and the young lady hopes to be able to be out next week, though she will not have the use of the arm for some little time.

OREGLIA ONLY REMAINS.

Among the sixty-four living Cardinals, which is six less than the complete number, only one appointed by Pius IX. remains—Cardinal Oreglia. Sixty-one were created by Leo XIII. and two by the present Holy Father, Pius X., who will reach his sixty-ninth year next June.

When one woman tells another that she is still looking quite young it means that she is beginning to carry weight for age.

A Fixed Resolve.

Father Burke, the pastor of the country parish of St. Agatha's, was standing at the gate of the rectory watching the members of his little flock as they assembled for the evening's devotions, it being the beautiful month of May, so dear to all Catholic hearts. He had a pleasant smile and a kindly greeting for all, and as he watched the little children and grown people saluting him so kindly and respectfully as they passed he felt it would cause him more than one heart pang to leave the peaceful country, where all understood and sympathized with him, and to once more mingle with the city's busy throng.

Father Burke was intellectually a superior person, and it seemed strange his talents should be hidden in such a modest place as St. Agatha's, but working for the glory of his Master and doing all in his power to alleviate the suffering of God's poor, he had undimmed his strength, and the Bishop, feeling the church could ill afford to lose such a shining light, appointed him rector of St. Agatha's. The church was small but very picturesque, and now as the last rays of the setting sun kissed its stained glass windows and golden cross, and causing the ivy (which almost covered the little structure) to seem as if imbued with life, was well worth an artist's brush, and Father Burke as he looked around felt how gladly he would lie down to sleep in the silent churchyard when his "sands of life were run," under the shadow of the cross, and within sound of the Angelus bell, which tolled so sweetly another day spent in the service of the Lord.

His reverie was interrupted by a young lady of about twenty years, who certainly would win more than a passing glance. Combined with a face that was flawless, she possessed a charming manner, and Father Burke prayed daily for his child that the sometimes fatal gift of beauty might prove to her a blessing.

"Well, Marion, my child," he said with a smile.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, Father, but may I speak with you after the devotions?"

Just then the bells started to peal forth their praise to the Mother of God.

Father Burke said: "Certainly, my child, but you must hurry now or the children will think the organist is not going to put in an appearance."

He then entered the sacristy and Marion mounted the stairs to the choir, and immediately began the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, in which we will find the most beautiful music and poetry if we but stop and ponder.

After the exercises it was still bright, they being held at an earlier hour in the country than in the city.

"Now, Marion, I am ready to hear you," said Father Burke.

"I wanted to know if you would consent to let me enter the convent the end of this month," a sad expression shadowing her face for an instant.

"Now, my child, are you fully convinced it is your vocation to become a religious? God forbid if it is I should be the means of keeping you from it, but a religious vocation is too sacred a thing to be trifled with. I fear it is self-love that moves you, my child. You are a romantic maiden, and think because Philip King has decided to become a priest it is but fitting you should consecrate yourself to God. Think well, Marion."

"Oh, Father Burke! the idea. I have completely forgotten Mr. King."

"I am very glad of it, but suppose you remain in the world six months longer, and if, at the end of that time, you are of the same mind, I shall give my consent and blessing and thank God, but—"

"My mind will be the same then as now," interrupted Marion.

"I hope so, but we shall see," said the priest.

One morning, about three months after the conversation with the kind priest, Marion remained after mass to practice on the large organ, a very fine instrument, a gift to the church from her uncle, with whom she lived, her parents being dead.

As Marion came out of the church she perceived a strange man talking with Father Burke. She tried to evade being seen, but Father Burke saw her and called her.

The priest introduced the stranger as Dr. Warren, "who has come to try our country as an elixir," he said with a smile.

Marion replied in a few well chosen words.

"Dr. Warren, Miss Ennis will introduce you to the younger ones of the parish and point out the different places of interest whenever you desire to see them," Father Burke said smilingly.

"I shall be very glad to have Miss Ennis as a cicero," returned the doctor. Marion excused herself and hurried away, saying: "The idea, as if I could do

anything like that. I think Father Burke is very unkind. I shall have to play agreeable to a man when I long for the solitude of the cloister."

Dr. Warren became quite a favorite in the parish. Father Burke was not long in finding out his sterling qualities. A few match-making mammas tried to secure him for their darlings, but it seemed as if "Cupid's dart would never touch his heart."

Marion wondered how they managed to exist without him. He helped with the singing, took charge of a class of unruly boys, organized a baseball club, and in a word made himself generally useful.

One evening Marion sat thinking how lonesome it would be when he returned to the city, "but I must be careful or I shall begin to"—she broke off suddenly and burst into tears. "She did love him, and he, he was polite and kind, but that was all." God certainly was punishing her for her dependence upon herself. Marion was not the same after that. Father Burke noticed the change, but kept his peace.

Marion, on her guard, was very cold with the doctor, and she could see him avoid her, which did not give her any comfort. "Serves me right! What shall I do? I wish I had never seen him," she repeated a hundred times a day. One afternoon Dr. Warren told her he intended to return to the city the first of the next week.

"I thought if we could have a picnic how much pleasure it would give the children. Of course, I may count on your assistance, Miss Ennis?" he said.

"Certainly," returned Marion coldly. "I would do anything to give the children pleasure."

The day of the picnic dawned bright and clear, and all went merry as a marriage bell, but Marion seemed pale and preoccupied, so when Father Burke and Dr. Warren were busy arranging for a game of baseball she went to the swing that the doctor had put up for the younger children's benefit, and resting her head in her hands, she let her thoughts wander to the evening when she was so anxious to enter the convent. "Surely God's ways are not our ways, and Father Burke understood me better than I did myself," she said.

A roguish little lad came up behind her and said: "May I push you, Miss Marion?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, not knowing in the least what she said.

The boy gave a push, and not having a hold on the ropes, Marion was thrown with force on the ground.

The child was thoroughly frightened and ran with all speed to where Father Burke and Dr. Warren were standing, crying: "Miss Marion is killed, she's dead."

Dr. Warren, without a word, ran to Marion and tenderly lifted her from the ground; she had fainted and he called for water in no gentle tones.

Marion opened her eyes, saw for the moment the arms that unconsciously held her, and then jumped from them, and, seating herself on a rock, burst into tears. Wise Father Burke took the children away and left the doctor with his patient.

At the end of an hour he returned and thought Marion looked uncommonly well for one who had been hurt, and said: "Are you better, Marion?"

"No—yes—I mean I was only frightened."

"I am glad, very glad, as Dr. Warren returns to the city tomorrow," he said seriously.

"No," said the doctor, "I have decided to remain."

"Ah, I see. Well, Marion, your six months are nearly over. Are you of the same mind?" asked the priest with a smile.

Marion answered blushing: "I still desire to wear the veil, but—"

"It must have orange blossoms," said Dr. Warren.

THE MODEL HOSTESS.

An imperturbable calm and a ready tact are the two important factors in the making of a model hostess. Secure these and you need never fear for the success of any of your entertainments. There is no quality more to be desired to make a woman a social success than that of tact. Its possessor knows the right thing to do and the right time for doing it, and thus gains a reputation for cleverness and for many virtues which a tactless woman would never win from her circle of acquaintances, no matter how excellent her qualities of both heart and head. The tactful woman is not only a patient listener, but she is a thoroughly good one. She knows no weariness even when she has heard the same story more than once from the same person, and she smiles in the right place and appears to enjoy hearing jokes as much as her companion enjoys telling them. Tact is a weapon guided with a multitude of precautions and feminine wiles by the wise woman, and it is only the wise who possess it.

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